ENGLAND
IN ITS
CONDITION,
BRIEFLY
34

And most lively Characterized, by way of Essay.

Whereunto are annexed some Acrosticke Verses,

Upon the Names of severall Members of the Honourable House of Commons, and others, (*viz.*)

Sir *Tho. Fairfax.*	Sir *Roger North.*	Sir *John Gell.*
Lieut. Generall *Cromwell.*	Sir *Francis Pile.*	Sir *George Gresley.*
Major Generall *Skippon.*	Coll. *Henry Martin.*	Sir *John Danvers.*
William Lenthall, Esquire.	Capt. *Thomas Wogan*	Mr. *Ephraim.*
Sir *Benjamin Ruddiard.*	Sir *walter Earle.*	*George Manley*, Esq.
Sir *John Franckyn.*	*Tho. Earle*, Esquire.	Capt. *Richard Owen.*
Sir *Thomas Dacres.*	Coll. *will. Purefoy.*	*John Wallell*, Esquire.
Sir *John Trevor.*	*Michael Oldsworth.*	
Sir *Knevet Fyn.*	*Tamfield Vachell.*	

By IOHN BENSON, *Gent.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

Printed in the Yeare 1648.

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CONDITION
IN
ENGLAND

To the courteous Reader.

LOoke not for ſmooth lines from a Souldiers quill,
Who in the art of Retorique hath ſmall skill:
In ſtead of pure phraſe, hee did uſe to heare
The Drums and Trumpets ſounding in his eare.
Accept this little Poem as it is;
Your ſmiles can only Crown its Fate with bliſſe.

Devoted truly to ſerve you,

I. B.

The Authors Prayer for the Parliament.

PReserve good Lord this happy Parliament,
Destroy all those which any wayes invent
Mischief against them; Oh let them flourish,
And with thy paps of justice do them nourish.
Let no dissensions spring in that just Court,
where so wise, gallant, godly men resort.
Oh grant them wisdome, that they may foresee
Those which delight so in our miserie.
Blesse their indeavours, let them never cease,
Till they have made an everlasting peace
For King and Kingdome, Church and publick State,
Against all those which Reformation hate,
That Gods true sacred word may be shown forth,
And we of his pure truth may know the worth;
And let them perish that shall go about
To raise new warre, grant you may find them out;
Let all their plots and mischiefs be prevented,
Let all their evill wayes be circumvented.
So pray shall he whilst breath is in his breast,
Your true devoted servant e're shall rest.

The

An Eſſay, or ſhort Poeme upon the Times.

The Authour briefly here doth ſhow,
From whence our miſeries do flow.

WHen great Jehovah with out-ſtretched hand
Did powr his mercies on this ſinfull land;
When Peace and plenty increaſt more and more,
And heavenly bleſſings did fill full our ſtore;
Inſtead of rendring thanks for our great good,
Our ſinnes abounded morethen ſwifteſt flood.
Fullneſſe of bread begot in us great pride,
And from Religions truth we gan to ſlide;
Nothing but envy did our hearts poſſeſſe,
Our ſinfull ſoules in goodneſſe ſtill grew leſſe.
Sects and diviſions did amongſt us grow,
In works of goodnes we grew dull and ſlow.
In Seates of Juſtice ſate corrupted Judges;
Inſtead of Peace, amongſt us private grudges.
Nothing but cruell men tyranniſing,
Inſtead of Juſtice, Monopoliſing.
Our Lordly Prelates, that moſt wicked ſtock,
Falſe doctrine preached to their harmles flock;
Inſtead of Chriſts true Goſpell, they thruſt in
Romes traditions, that ſame man of Sinne.

Nothing but pride poſſeſt their ſinfull mindes,
More cruell then the Tigers in their kinds.
England was bleſſed with a happy fate,
VVhen Biſhops ſcorn'd their faith to violate.
The Judges they who ſhould juſt Fathers be
In doing juſtice, were fill'd with bribery,
They viper-like fed on their mothers heart,
Making her deareſt children for to ſmart.
Thoſe upright men were left durſt hardly ſpeak,
Their hearts within them ready were to break
To ſee ſuch ſinfull wayes, and unjuſt crimes,
As daily acted were in thoſe ſad times.
It griev'd their godly ſouls within their breaſt,
To ſee ungodly men ſo full poſſeſt
VVith wickedneſſe, treading ungodly wayes,
And from Gods ſacred truth moſt impure ſtrayes.
The Lord of hoſts grown angry with our Sin,
Did with the ſword of Peſtilence begin,
To try if that would make us leave our ill,
His hand of mercy being with us ſtill.
VVhen that would do no good on our hard hearts,
He did divide us into ſeverall parts;
Thouſand of opinions mongſt us riſe,
And we the ſacred truth gin to deſpiſe;
Friend againſt Friend, brothers each other hate
And nothing but combuſtions in our State.
Our ſouls are troubled, being fully bent,
Seeking each other for to diſcontent;
Malicious thoughts poſſeſſe our evill hearts,
And gladly we do laugh, when others ſmarts,
Nor can our malice any wayes appeaſe,
Untill the cure proves worſe then the diſeaſe.

The ſound of Trumpets, and the beat of Drummes,
Our onely joy and ſolace now becomes;
The ratling armour, and the noiſe of ſwords,
Doth louder ſound then do our greateſt words.
From words to blowes we fall, then to killing,
Not ſparing our deare friends blood from ſpilling.
All *Kenton* held as I well witneſſe can
Did ſee the death of many a gallant man,
And from my heart unfeignedly confeſſe
Gods mercies there to me; nor can I leſſe,
Then with a gratefull heart himmbly proteſt
The Lord of hoſts me wonderfully bleſt.
Beſides in many other diſmall fights,
That I have fought in for my countries rights,
Againſt all thoſe whoſe evill hearts did hate
The good and welfare of this publick ſtate,
VVhich heaven preſerve from all that ſeek its ill,
And with his hand of mercy keep it ſtill.
Amongſt us now are thoſe who do foment,
Loving to ſwim in ſtreames of diſcontent:
Becauſe they cannot gain their ill deſignes,
They are diſturbers in theſe worſt of times.
They neither care for God, nor his juſt wayes,
If they in Luxury may ſpend their dayes,
Or wanton out their time in drinking down
Full bowls of wine; and when the ſighes i'th' crown,
They rail and fume againſt both Church and State,
And all the godly cruelly do hate,
Or what's averſe to their moſt unjuſt wills,
Inſtead of mending runs to worſer ills.
There is another ſort which likewiſe doth
Invent new Tenets from the brainy froth

Of

Of their inventions, and bring forth
A new Religion, but of ſlender worth,
Thinking no truth was found in former times
But what they now produce, theſe are great crimes,
They likewiſe in their mad prophetick fate,
Are great diſturbers of a quiet State.
God is the God of order, and he will
Preſerve true order, in ſpight of their ill;
Heavens fabrick doth in a juſt order run,
The glorious ſtars, and tranſplendent Sun,
The Moon and wandring ſtars that are above,
By their Creators order gently move:
If order be not both in Church and State,
It lively pourtrayes forth an evill fate.
Another ſort there is, that for no cauſe
Would gladly alter all Religions Lawes.
Nothing but what is new they cry is good,
And ſuch as theſe are, are to be withſtood.
Another ſort there is, within this nation,
VVhich fiercely bawles gainſt Reformation,
Becauſe it doth reſtrain their perverſe will,
And in a godly way outvies their skill:
They take it to be a moſt grievous rod,
So ſtrictly to obſerve the Law of God,
Becauſe it croſſeth their Libertine will,
They with the Egyptians would live ſtill;
Romes reliques do them ſo deeply poſſeſſe,
That truth of Goſpell they cannot digeſt.
Another ſort amongſt us now doth dwell,
VVho nothing preach but Chriſt, and can you tell
The truth of Goſpell, how to lead your life,
Yet in their hearts is nothing elſe but ſtrife:

Follow

Follow their doctrine, let their works alone,
For they will bring you to destruction:
These are the wolves, which in Lambs cloathing come,
(VVhose doctrine's purely good) their vices shun,
And such as these, though they seem men of worth,
Must out of Church and state be spued forth.
The Canaanites amongst us yet do dwell,
As bad as Locusts sprung from deepest hell.
Most cruell swearers, such as do profane,
And take the glorious name of God in vain.
To you that sit at helm it doth belong
To punish such who do Gods name thus wrong,
And have a care you do it out of hand,
Lest God do cast you out of Canaans land:
And pride in cloathes is grown to great excesse
In them who chiefly should it most suppresse.
The poore and needy not regarded are,
Nor for to ask their own they hardly dare,
You rich men have a care, think on the grief
Of those which are in want, send them relief,
When as your table's full you little know,
That like to want there is no greater wo;
All these are punishments which God hath sent
Amongst us, and yet we hardly can repent,
And let me tell you, which you may believe
If we do still Gods sacred spirit grieve,
And do persist in these our sinfull wayes.
More heavy judgements shall come in our dayes,
That sword of warre, which God hath in his hand
Hath it not been unsheathed in our land?
How many souls have felt? witnesse that blood
In severall battells flowing like a flood.

If we by theſe cannot amend our ill,
God in his quiver hath more arrows ſtill,
His bow is bent, and if he once more ſhoot,
Famine ſhall deſtroy both the branch and root.
Though God comes ſlowly with his leaden heele,
His iron hands ſhall make the ſtouteſt reel.

The Authours moſt humble Petition to the Honourable Houſe of Commons.

Moſt worthy Senatours,

LEt me beſeech you pity my ſad fate,
And let your goodneſſe help my poore eſtate.
I alwayes faithfull to the State have ſtood,
Adventuring many times my deareſt bloud
In your moſt juſt defence, nor did I ſeek
Mine own advantage, but did fight to keep
Your Noble perſons for to ſit in Peace,
That truth by your grave wiſdomes might increaſe.
Commiſerate my wants, think on my grief,
And let your Honours quickly grant relief,
And I as bound in duty ever ſhall,
For your proſperity to heavens call.

POEMS VPON THE SEVERALL Members of the honourable House of Commons, and others.

On his Excellencie Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX, *Capt. Generall of the Parliaments Forces.*

T rue nobly valiant, and of courage stout,
H ave you not put the Kingdomes foes to rout?
O f you it may be said without controule,
M an ne're injoyed a more purer soule;
A nd for your valour, who can paralell,
S ure many may surmise, but few can tell.

F idelitie with true religion plac't,
A re of such worth, they cannot be disgrac't;
I n these 'tis known your honour hath them both,
R eligion linckt with vertue is your troth;
F or sure I am, that after ages will
A dmire your Feats in Militarie skill,
X erxes in wisdome had not halfe your fill.

On Oliver Cromwell, *Esquire, Lieutenant Generall, and a Member of the honourable House of Commons.*

O ft hath your valour in the field bin shown,
L oud hath the Trump of fame your merits blown;
I n *Winchby* field, and vpon *Marston* More
V ndaunted ly you fought, and kill'd good store:
E ternall blisses shall for you statues raise
R emembrancers to be of your just praise.

Courage and valour have you in every part,
Religions purities plac'd in your heart;
Only true love unto Gods sacred word
Made you unsheath your keen well tempred sword:
What have you left undone for Countries right?
Enforc't you have their enemies to flight,
Leaving a name shall live so long as light.

On Major Generall Skippon.

Philip of *Macedon* was not more stout,
How many Battells have you fiercely fought?
In *Cornwall* was your valour bravely shown,
Leaving true trophies, to the world well known;
Let *Newb'ries* witnesse, besides *Klanton* field,
In which the stoutest you did make to yeild,
Proudly your brandish'd sword you there did weild.

Stand firme and sure, as you have begun,
Keeping truth fast untill your glasse be run:
Invalid merits tends upon all those:
Prefers true vertue, hates the publique foes:
Oft have you ventur'd life for Countries cause,
Nor have you swerv'd from justnesse of the lawes.

On William Lenthall *Esqaire, Speaker of the Honourable Houſe of Commons.*

Wisdome with vertue joyn'd dwells in your breast,
Inflam'd with zeale to seek your Countries rest:
Learned you are in Lawes concernes this State,
Lending your aide to punish all that hate
In their most cruell mindes the publique good,
Attesting against those which have withstood
Maliciously to ruine all our good.

Loud

E oud let the trump of fame ſound out your praiſe,
E recting ſtatues, and true trophies raiſe
N ever to fade, that your deſerved worth
T o after ages clearly may ſhine forth;
H ave you not ſpent your time enacting Lawes,
A ll in defence of Parliamentall cauſe;
L ive ſhall your pious name, while *England* is,
L eaving a fame ſhall crown your end with bliſſe.

On Sir Benjamin Rudyard, *Knight, a worthy Member of the honourable Houſe of Commons.*

B leſt are you in your juſt and pious wayes,
E nvie it ſelfe cannot detract your praiſe;
N or can the worſt of hate blame your true worth,
I n ſpight of ill, your vertues ſhines more forth:
A ll godly men are happy in your good,
M ore vigour hath it, then the greateſt flood;
I n your religious, and pure harmleſſe life,
N one can outvie, with all their greateſt ſtrife.

R emain a Pillar fixt on *Englands* Land,
V nblemiſht ſhall your name for ever ſtand:
D eeds of your goodneſſe, and in ſmoother verſe,
Y ou ſhall have writ upon your ſable hearſe;
A nd after ages ſhall admire your fame
R ightly deſerved, and your ſpotleſſe name
D oth ſpeak the goodneſſe of your pious flame.

On Sir John Francklin, *Knight; a Member of the Honourable Houſe of Commons.*

I nſpir'd with vertue, inricht with noble breſt
O f learning, wiſdome, goodneſſe full poſſeſt:
H ave you not ſpent much time in taking pain,
N ot for your own by-ends, but Countries gain.

F aithfull and truſty to the State you are;
R eligious in performing arts moſt rare:
A ll Souldiers prayers is, that you may bee
N ot happy here, but to Eternitie.
C ourage (moſt noble ſir) in your brave waies,
K nowing your merits do deſerve great praiſe;
L et envie ſpeak its worſt, ſure you ſhall have
I mmortall fame to bring you to your grave,
N or ſhall the evilleſt tongue your merits wave.

On Sir Tho. Dacres, *Knight, a Member of the honourable Houſe of Commons.*

T ruſty and faithfull are you to the State,
H ave you not ſpent your time to extirpate
O pen known vices, and for to expell
M any groſſe errors which amongſt us dwell;
A rming your heart, with power and might,
S ins to demoliſh that ſtop Goſpells light;

D eſerving here on earth a ſpotleſſe name,
A pious, zealous, and religious fame?
C ourage moſt godly Sir, in your juſt waies (praiſe:
R eward from heaven ſhall crowne your age with
E ach Souldiers prayers ſure ſhall you have,
S o long untill death calls you to your grave.

On Sir John Trevers, *Knight, a Member of the honourable Houſe of Commons.*

I ndued with a moſt pure godly mind,
O ft in Gods ſacred book you look to find
H ow you ſhould lead your life in theſe ſad times,
N ow when this worlds beſt things are full of crimes.

True

T rue refotmation is your only aime,
R egarding that more then all worldly gaine;
E ndeavouring in your moſt pious ſoule
V ertue to cheriſh, all evill to controule,
E recting trophies of deſerved fame,
R emembrancers to be of your good name.

On Sir Robert Pye, *Knight, a Member of the honourable Houſe of Commons.*

R ight freely have you ſpent a many daies
O n buſineſſe concernes the publique raiſe;
B e ſure you faint not in ſo juſt renown,
E re long ſuch actions heavens will crown;
R eligious acts the pureſt treaſure is,
T o bring your ſoule unto eternall bliſſe.

P roſperitie is but times fickle wheele
Y ou ſee, whereon great men doe often reele,
E very good act's more durable then ſteele.

Though you have loſt much for the publick cauſe,
By ſuch as neither feared God, nor lawes,
Yet have you gain'd a name ſhall laſt for aye,
So long as Moon ſhines, or Sun lights the day.

On Sir Roger North, *Knight, a Member of the honourable Houſe of Commons.*

R ightly upright you have bin in your life,
O f all that knowes you, you are free from ſtrife,
G iving rare examples to all thoſe that will
E ncline their hearts to good, as you do ſtill,
R efraining wayes that may incline to ill.

N or have you ſpar'd to ſpend your beſt of paines
O n others not ſeeking your own private gaines.
R eward that's juſt ſhall keep you from diſdains,
T ruſty have you continued to the State:
H eaven for that will proſper your eſtate.

On Sir Francis Pile *Knight a Member of the Honourable Houſe of Commons,*

F aithfull unto your country have you alwayes been
R ebuking thoſe who wallow'd in their ſin.
A ll good men love you, and admire your worth,
N or can the ableſt men your praiſe ſet forth, (ſwim
C ontentment to do good, the ſtream in which you
I nſpir'd with goodneſſe which your ſins controul
S hall make you happy when your bell doth toll.

P iety adornes your moſt godly mind,
I n your juſt wayes you will true comfort find;
L eave not to proſecute ſuch pious wayes,
E ternall bliſſe ſhall crown your head with praiſe.

On my Honoured Collonell Henry Martin, *a Member Of the Honourable Houſe of Commons.*

H eroick ſpirit of Heroick blood,
E ver ſpending your ſelf for countries good,
N ever but ſtriving with all force and might.
R eligions purity to bring to light. (bright.
Y our fame for ſuch good deeds will ſhine more

M ay you live happy in a pious life,
A nd may your ſoul be ever free from ſtrife,
R eſting aſſured your good God ſhall ſend
T ruth to wait on you to your latter end,
I n ſpight of envy, you ſhall have a ſtory,
N ot writ by mortall pen, but crown'd with glory.

Ad eundem.

H elp noble Collonel, for want I faint,
E ncline your eares unto my ſad complaint,
N or let me periſh now for want of food.
R etarded pity is but ſeldome good
Y our favours heretofore hath that withſtood

M ay you be pleaſed out of pious love
A rrears ſo due to us, the Houſe to move,
R emembring them how many poore ſtarv'd ſoule
T o hunger deſtin'd is without controll,
E xcept ſome monies ſpeedily we have;
N or can we live much longer from a grave.
No man ſo happy doth enjoy that fate
But gaines from one or other perfect hate.
I dare be bold to write without controll,
If ſuch there be, they are not made of mold,
Go on and proſper in your pious wayes
Regard not ill men, good men give you praiſe.

On my honoured friend Captain Thomas Wogan *a member of the Honorable Houſe of Commons.*

T imes nee'r produced a more valiant man,
H eroick acts that own you, witneſſe can,
O ft in the field your valour hath been ſhown
M ongſt thickeſt of your enemies well known,
A s witneſſe *Edge-hill*, where with force and might
S toutly you kept your ſtandard in that fight.

When you left warres, then did your noble fate
Ordain a place for you in publick State.
Goodneſſe with vertue in you is combin'd,
A gallant ſpirit, and a pious mind,
Nor are you any wayes to vice inclin'd.

On Sir VValter Earl, *a Member of the Honourable Houſe of Commons.*

When as in armes this Kingdome firſt did riſe,
Aſſuredly you highly then did priſe
Liberties freedome, and with force withſtood
T'oppoſe the hurters of your countries good,
Ev'n with the hazard of your deareſt blood;
Recording to the world, that you were truly good.

Expect that when you have ſpun out your dayes,
A Trophy ſhall be rear'd of your juſt praiſe.
Religious zeal flames in your pious breaſt,
Love to your maker hath your heart poſſeſt.
Eternall bliſſe ſhall bring your ſoul to reſt.

On Thomas Earl *Eſquire, a Member of the Honourable Houſe of Commons.*

True happy, ſon unto a pious father,
How little wealth eſteeming, chuſing rather
Of all men to be loved, then to gain
Much worldly treaſure, counting that but vain
Amongſt the godly ſhall be writ your ſtorie,
Standing for ever to your endleſſe glory

Eternall merit ſhall wait on your ſoul
And pious ſtatues raiſe without controull,
Reſtoring memory to your good name,
Lending more ſmoother verſes, mine's but lame,
Eternall bliſſe ſhall crown your worth with fame.

On Collonell William Purefoy, *a Member of the Honourable Houſe of Commons.*

W hen as this Kingdome firſt aſunder rent,
I n men whoſe hearts were fil'd with diſcontent,
L ittle regarding God, or his juſt Lawes
L oving their ſelf ends more then publick cauſe;
I n that ſame hint of time did you begin,
A mongſt the firſt for to extirpate Sinne.
M uch good hereafter will you find therein.

P erplexed thoughts poſſeſſed many hearts,
V ntill we were divided into parts;
R eligion then was made a laughing ſtock,
E ven to the good became a ſtumbling block.
F aithfull to Church and State did you remain,
O ft venturing your life for both the ſame,
Y ou have by that gain'd a ne'r dying fame.

Purefoy Pure faith.

You have a faithfull piller firmly ſtood
(In acting, doing, for the countries good)
On which we will a pious altar raiſe,
To burn the incenſe of your purer praiſe.

On Maſter Michael Oldſworth *Eſquire, a member of the Honourable Houſe of Commons.*

M ay you live happy, in a harmleſſe fate,
I n hating thoſe that do oppoſe the State.
C arefull and truſtie in the publick cauſe,
H ave you not ſtriven to maintain our Lawes?
A dmired vertue ſprings within your breaſt,
E ternall bliſſe ſhall bring you to your reſt.
L et envy ſpeak its worſt in ſpite of feud,
L ive ſhall your famous acts, when you are dead.

O h you have gain'd a never dying name.
L oving Religion more then mundane gain,
D rawing your actions in so just a line
S urely few have outvi'd you in your time.
W hen fatall death shall seise your harmles heart,
O h we shall weep sad teares for your depart;
R ejoycing yet, that you have left behind
T riumphant trophies of a godly mind,
H ow many men have sought, but few could find?

On Master Tanfield Vachell *Esquire, a member of the Honourable House of* Commons.

T rue pious wisdome, justly in you shown
A mongst all those wh^ch of your worth have known
N or can the worst of envy speak you ill,
F aithfull unto the State, you have proved still,
E ndeavouring with all your force and might,
I n acting things that are both just and right,
L abouring with zeal, and striving against those
D urst any wayes the Parliament oppose.

V ertues true tincture, doth adorn your mind,
A nd few such good men in our time we find.
C reated goodnesse springs within your breast.
H eavens shall receive your blessed soul to rest.
E ternall merit shall your praise set forth,
L eaving true trophies of your noble worth.

On my honoured Collonell Sir John Gell Knight.

I nspir'd with virtue, inricht with noble breast
O f courage, valour, goodnesse full possest,
H aving drawn your sword, and hath us'd the same,
N ot for your own by ends, but countries gain.

Giving

G iving a reall teſte that you wood,
E ven ſpend your deareſt life for *England's* good.
L et envy ſpeak it's worſt in ſpite of fraud,
L ive ſhall your famous acts, when you are dead.

Accept theſe lines, ſprung from that harmleſse breaſt
Your true devoted ſervant e'r ſhall reſt,
VVere not his Muſe with froward fate caſt down,
In ſmoother lines ſhe would chant your renown,
Yet whilſt ſhe lives, ſhall evermore ſet forth,
Your deſerved merits, and heroick worth.

On my Honoured Capt. Sir George Greſley, *Knight.*

G racious and good, are attributes belongs
E nobled ſpirits free from harm or wrongs;
O h theſe muſt needs derive a birth from you
R ightly, for they are your juſt proper due.
G o on moſt worthy Sir, in your brave wayes,
E ternall praiſe ſhall crown your age with baies.

G iuing more verdure then the Spring gives flow-
R efreſhing memory and when ſad houres (ers,
E nlarge themſelves upon your ſable herſe,
S ending forth ſighes inſtead of ſmoother verſe,
L ive ſhall your pious acts while time remains,
E ternall bliſſe ſhall be your finall gains.
Y our name lives ſpotleſſe from all blots or ſtains.

On the truly noble, Sir John Davers *Knight, a Member of the* Honourable *Houſe of Commons.*

I nſpir'd with valour, enricht with vertues breaſt,
O f learning, courage, goodneſse full poſſeſt.
H ave you not ſpent your ſelf in taking pain?
N ot for your own by ends, but Countries fame.

Doing and acting all for publick good
And firmly to the state y'ave alwayes stood,
Vertues tresnoble orb springs in your brain,
Engraving trophies to your worthy fame,
Rendring you happy, and in stead of bayes,
Surely you'l gain immortall wreaths of praise.
Your pious valour an unfeigned worth.
An abler pen then mine cannot set forth.

On my much honoured friend Master Ephraim Thorn *Merchant.*

Eternall merit waits upon all those,
Preferres true vertues lore before vain Oathes.
Have you not in your pious lives set forth,
Religion in its true esteem and worth.
Amongst many men of you it may be writ
In golden letters faln from purest wit,
More just desert by man was ne're gain'd yet.

Trusty and faithfull are you to your friend,
Heavens for that will crown you in the end
Oh that my muse were able to set forth,
Rightly your noble acts, and reall worth,
Nor need you care for best of Poets praise,
Eternall blisse shall crown your head with bayes.

On George Manley, *Esquire.*

Greatnesse with goodnesse properly belongs
Enobled spirits free from harm or wrongs.
Oft for your doing good y'ave gained losse,
Regarding justice more then earthly drosse.
Giving a reall testе that you wood,
Even spend your dearest life for countries good.

May

M ay you much proſper in your pious wayes,
A mongſt good men you ſhall receive much praiſe
N or need you care for idle envious elves,
L et them have rope, they'l quickly hang themſelves.
E nlivening verſe ſhal for you ſtatues raiſe,
Y ou ſhall enjoy a never dying praiſe.

On my much honoured friend, Captain Richard Owen.

R eſtor'd you have that moſt renowned name,
I n *Wales*, of ſo brave, and ſo auntique fame.
C reated manhood dwells in your noble breaſt.
H ave you not done much for your countries reſt?
A ctions moſt gallant hath by you been known,
R edoubled courage from your arm hath flown,
D id but your valour need for to be ſhown.

O ft hath your worth been tri'd in many a field.
W here you have made the ſtouteſt for to yield.
E ternall merit ſhall your ſtatues raiſe.
N or after death ſhall end your deſerv'd praiſe.

Your wiſdome valour, and heroick worth,
An abler pen, then mine cannot ſet forth.

On my honoured kinſman, John VVaſtell *eſquire a Member of the Honourable Houſe of Commons.*

J uſtice with wiſdome joyn'd, ſprings in your mind,
O f a pure judgement, and a wit refin'd.
H ave you not pleaded oft? the poore mans cauſe,
N or left you them toth' rigour of the Lawes,

W hen warres, and jarres did firſt amongſt us riſe,
A ll ſuch fomentors you did them deſpiſe.
S toutly you ſtood up for the publick good,
T o puniſh ſuch as liberty withſtood.
E ternall bliſſe from heavens ſhall you crown
L eaving true emblemes of your juſt renown.

FINIS.